

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Dreams of a Postwar World

JAMES G. JOHNSTON

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1942-1943

TODAY WE HEAR MANY PEOPLE SPEAK OF A POST-war world of brotherhood and lasting peace as they would speak of some hazy miracle which is to drop out of the heavens the moment peace is declared. Hirohito is going to fall lovingly on Churchill's neck, Stalin is going to be a good boy and not try to grab the world, and such unwanted characters as Hitler, Franco, and Tojo are going to disappear in a cloud of fire; following which all the nations are going to join hands and dance around the Hague palace, joyously singing something to the tune of "Heigh-ho, the witch is dead!"

To condemn such an idea entirely is far from my intentions; I merely wish to discuss some of the fallacies in this reasoning and to point out some of the difficulties involved, a few of the hurdles to be taken, before such an admirable state of existence can be attained. In the first place, a brotherhood of nations based on mutual understanding is one of the most unlikely outcomes of any war. In wartime, racial hatreds are increased to the point that nationalistic prides and prejudices become more and more powerful. In the last war the prime example was the United States, which quickly crawled back into its shell of isolation and tariffs following the armistice, ignoring its president's plans for a League of Nations and a new world. Secondly, we must realize that much of the current talk about "world union, democracy for all" is only the voluble ranting of politicians who wish to attract public approval in these hectic days when no Congressman can be too sure of his permanent stability in the public limelight. Promises and pledges of this sort are easily made, but their fulfillment is another matter. Of course, this is not to say that all the tentative plans we read and hear of are just so much talk, plans laid with no intention of being ultimately carried out. On the contrary, I believe that such men as Franklin Roosevelt and Anthony Eden are really interested in the problem, as is evidenced by their recent conferences in Washington.

Before entering on any postwar plans, it is wise to consider just what a permanent world union would entail. Countries like Great Britain, Germany, and the United States must forget all the nationalistic prides and traditions that have been carefully nursed for centuries. Race discrimination cannot exist alongside brotherhood and democratic living. The Englishman must swallow his pride and forget his professed superiority. The Jew can no longer be driven from one end of the globe to the other. The Negro must be assured a definite position in society alongside his southern neighbor.

In addition, all economic, political, and financial policies must be formulated in terms of the greatest benefit to the greatest number of nations. Capitalistic business practices embodying the Cartel system of Europe must be displaced by free trade and equal business opportunities for all nations. Tariff wars must be stopped, and advances in science which promise to benefit the people in any way must not be withheld solely for the benefit of one nation, a practice for which Germany has long been infamous. In her I. G. Farben-industrie the discovery of sulfanilamide was kept quiet for many years, while thousands of people who were suffering from pneumonia, streptococcus, and gonorrhea might have been saved by its immediate announcement. An adequate exchange system must be developed to facilitate the increased international trade that will develop. These are but a few of the many problems to be solved in providing a working basis for the reciprocity of nations.

The political problems are just as challenging. To begin with, all nations must be willing to accept the decisions and policies of the international governing body to be set up. Every nation's leaders must have faith in this body as a wise, competent, understanding, and vigilant group representative of the desires and policies of each nation, and with a real interest in securing peace and accord among the nations of the world. Moreover, the men making up this governing body must be men of high principles, unbiased and free from political intrigue, with an unselfish devotion to the betterment of mankind. Unless they meet each of these qualifications, and many more less important ones, we will see the organization degenerate before our eyes into the weak, inefficient body that the League of Nations became. One of the first and more important tasks of this body will be to dissolve the old hates and prejudices in a Europe which has become a hodgepodge of conflicting desires, a Europe which feverishly arms itself to the teeth at the slightest sign of a snarl from one of its neighbors. The tangled skein of belligerent Germany, proud and haughty England, conglomerate Switzerland, and struggling Poland must be unraveled with due consideration for each thread. Demobilization must be urged on them as the only hope of ever establishing a mutual trust among nations. All this and more we must do to realize the dream of the lasting peace which the Congressmen in Washington so easily roll off their tongues.

In spite of what I may appear to say to the contrary, I firmly believe that such a world union is possible and practicable. If man were not capable of bettering his own lot there would not be much reason for his continuing to exist. A static, unprogressive civilization is merely a step away from a decaying civilization. Furthermore, we can see that a world union is the next evolutionary step in this rapidly shrinking world. For the past fifty years improvements in transportation and communication have drawn the nations

of the world closer together in commercial, financial, and cultural relations. A political world union would complete the process of integration that we have been seeing performed before our eyes.

The formulation of a world union will require practical planning and execution. As is true of all worthy goals, it is not a thing that can be accomplished within a year or two. The world must be made ready for such a radical change in government. In the process of preparing the world for lasting peace, universal education is of vital necessity. Only through education can the people come to realize the importance and necessity of such a project. The popular antipathy toward persons who "meddle in other's affairs," an antipathy which is the foundation of the isolationist's credo, can be overcome only by educating the people to a broader social outlook. Until everyone is convinced of its practicability, an enduring world union cannot be formed. To overcome hatred, violence, and struggle; to fight for Christian love, understanding, and cooperation — this is a task worthy of the greatest efforts of men, a fitting tribute to a discouraged and disillusioned pioneer, Woodrow Wilson.

My Great Adventure

Private ARNOLD RUSTIN

English 111a, Theme 6, 1943

ENOUGH OF THIS DRAB LIFE, THIS ETERNAL PORING over tomes of fine print, this continual snubbing by even these Illinois farm girls — for my three days' furlough, I am going to the Houseboat on the Styx. The Houseboat on the Styx! Place of fact and fancy, where the great and near-great of all ages gather round to talk, to argue, to make merry. I would take these three precious days on the Houseboat and live them in full — completely and soundly.

The first day I would devote to the Mental Me. I would sit in the learned council of Aristotle and Plato, Voltaire and More, Emerson and Marx. I would sit there quietly absorbing their words of wisdom. Then, leaning on the prerogative of a guest, I would introduce a question. Cognizant of the diverse philosophies of these great men, I would ask them what they thought of the world today, and what suggestions they could offer for a long and continued peace.

When tired by the heavy talking, I would take leave of these philosophers and would mingle with my favorite poets: Shakespeare and Milton, Coleridge and Keats and Browning, Poe and Whitman and Kipling. I would

relax completely as I heard these bards compose new and even more glorious verse. I would take Whitman — honest, booming Whitman — aside and ask him that eternal question of English students, “Did Bill Shakespeare really write all those magnificent plays by himself, or did Bacon do the actual work?”

I would leave my poets and philosophers, and accost Newman and Euclid. I would put on an air of feigned indignation, and in my best New Yorkese would say, “O. K., youse boids, on account-a-you, I got troubles a dog shouldn’t have at the Univoisity of Illinois. Youse guys started that fizzics and madth stuff — so shoot it to me straight — I gotta get it —.” With quiet chagrin, they would sit down with me, and over a bottle of sparkling Burgundy, they would explain the mysteries of physics and mathematics.

My second day would be devoted to the Spiritual Me. Because of my intensive training in the natural and physical sciences, I have come to disregard religion. Although I have brushed it aside as the superstitions of a primitive people, at times I have cried out for guidance and love, and the ability to believe in God.

I would sit with Aquinas and Bonaventura, Spinoza and Hillel, Paine and Marx. While these men presented their clashing opinions on religion and life, I would sit by and attempt to draw a logical conclusion. Then, if I could find Moses on that fabulous boat, I would walk with him along the cool, quiet river bank. I know that he would weep for this lost son of Israel. Perhaps with his wisdom of the ages, he would show me where I have been wrong and foolish. Perhaps I could understand why generations of Jews preferred to die rather than give up their Bible. Perhaps he could guide me back into the paths of righteousness.

On my third and last day, I would devote myself to the Physical Me. I would begin this great day with a sumptuous feast; and I would laugh to myself as I thought of the rationing on the drab Earth. I would sit between Henry VIII and Louis XIV, for here would be the best and most delicate viands. Like a true gourmand, I would snub the conventional dishes and feast on *pâté de fois gras* and roast hearts of physics teachers seasoned with the sharp sauce of English teachers’ tongues. Oh, I imagine that that fellow Lamb would come around and try to persuade me to eat some pork cracklings — but not I; I would rather relish munching on the souls of my original Draft Board.

For my after-dinner speech, I would relate the story of the “Schoolmarm” who insisted on outlines. I can hear Robert Burns roaring with laughter at that story. “. . . Made you write an outline, did she, Laddie? An’ after ye had already writ yer theme? Aye, Laddie, that’s rich, it is . . .”

At the conclusion of the banquet, when the women had left, and the men settled back to enjoy their mellow cigars and pungent narrations of conquests of former glorious days, I would seek out Cyrano de Bergerac.

"M'sieur de Bergerac, *s'il vous plait*, you will observe that I am indeed featured after your honorable self. Unfortunately, M'sieur, I am neither as intelligent nor as witty as you. Could you please tell me how to distract the view of *une belle jeune Mademoiselle* from the nose to the golden voice? Ah, M'sieur, a million thanks, a million thanks."

Later, I would mingle with the greatest lovers of the ages: Jupiter and Amphitryon, Cellini and Casanova, Valentino and Fairbanks. They would coach me in the gentle art of lovemaking. They would teach me how to caress a woman gently and tenderly, how to enchant her with voice pictures, how to make her yearn for me. With these lessons from the masters, I would try my new techniques on the fairest women of all times. Imagine my waltzing with Marie Antoinette; or drifting down the River Styx with Cleopatra while Caruso, my gondolier, sang for us; or gently wooing Jeanne du Barry while Fitzgerald recited his inspirational Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Ah! What a time I would have — such a wild and happy night on the Houseboat on the Styx!

And then, at the conclusion of these three momentous days, I would return to Illinois, a better and wiser man. As I related my adventures, all would incredulously ask, "Just how did you manage to get to this Houseboat on the Styx, and how did you meet these wonderful people?"

Then, in a sly manner, I would reply, "In exactly the same way that my Rhetoric instructor got me that three-day pass."

... to deaf pillows

A bed is one of the most underestimated objects in the world. When I say "bed," I am not thinking of that lovely mahogany set in the window down at the furniture store; I am thinking of the place where a man sleeps, whatever that place may be. A soldier's bed may be nothing more than a muddy foxhole, around which shells are bursting and the air is stagnant with the smells of powder and death. But to the soldier it is a haven, a place where he can ease his tired body, and where he can refresh his strained mind by allowing it to drift far away from all spoliation and into whatever dreamy world he may choose to place it. He may rest, if only for a few short hours, with a peaceful quietude which hardly exists even at his home thousands of miles away. Whether a hole in the ground or a massive innerspring, a bed is still a place where men can escape from the grim and sordid realities of their environment and find refuge, hope, and courage in their own inherently good, untainted minds. Shakespeare's aphorism, "Infected minds to deaf pillows pour out their thoughts," is truer than most of us realize. For who of us has not lain in bed and indulged in thoughts, plans, hopes, or opinions which he would not divulge to any mortal? That luxury is one belonging to all. When we stretch our aching bones, close our inquisitive eyes, melt into our pillow, and ease ourselves asleep in a private domain open to no other man, we exist only within our human selves, and not as a part of the bewildering world about us.—Private TOM WAHL

Mr. Smith of Deerfield

Private STEWART G. TUTTLE

English 111a, Theme 6, 1943

EVERY SCHOOLBOY INVENTS OR INHERITS A PITHY collection of names with which he addresses his instructors, either behind their backs or, if he has courage, to their faces. It was in 1938, if I remember correctly, that I met "The Beaver" (or Charles Dana Smith, as the yearbook called him), and I believe that no more descriptive name has ever been applied to any man. He was an old professor — so old, in fact, that the headmaster had to dispel publicly the rumor that he had been conductor on the first train to run between Amherst and White River Junction in 1865 — but his attraction lay not in his age but in his white goatee and moustache, which he wiggled up and down with such vigor when he spoke that he definitely resembled a beaver. And, of course, slightly protruding teeth that made him whistle when he spoke did not discourage the comparison.

His bearing and manner, however, bespoke both a martinet and a New England Yankee, and it was in this role that he filled his assignment as instructor in Latin and Greek at Deerfield. His hair was snow white, and it trembled when he shook his finger at a lazy student. His stiff and formal bearing, his high, white collar, and his severe, black suit were symbols of his preciseness and discipline.

His classes were formal. If a student arrived five seconds late, he was not admitted. There was no excuse: "The Beaver" was school timekeeper, and his clocks were never wrong. He boasted that he once returned a watch because it lost seven seconds in one month. Each student recited by standing up beside his chair and looking alternately at the teacher and at the book as he translated an assigned passage. At the end of each week the best scholar was sent to the back of the class, and the remainder, in their order of merit, were arranged in front — a paradoxical procedure which "The Beaver" initiated, I think, with the full realization of the terror he inspired within the students in the front row.

His activities did not cease outside the classroom, however. Daily he would wander around the school collecting books and hiding them in numerous closets to teach students to care for their belongings, and periodically he would chase underclassmen who walked a little too quickly through the halls. On several occasions he had walked from one end of the school to the other during the interval between classes to prove that excessive speed was unnecessary and, to his way of thinking, uncouth and impolite.

His memory was remarkable, and the stories it gave rise to were all dull. He could and would recite the names of all the graduates from his class at Amherst in 1892, of all the townships in every county in Massachusetts, and of all the flora and trivia of the surrounding countryside. No new locomotive ever escaped his comment, and no class ever graduated without learning from him the identification marks of the various types of engine, both archaic and modern, that ran on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford.

He was, in short, a Yankee professor: disciplinarian, storyteller, and teacher. He retired two years ago, and I believe that his loss was appreciable. Now Deerfield has no timekeeper, book-keeper, authority on trains, and instructor in Latin and Greek. And I doubt that it will ever find another one.

Time to Rake Hay

PAUL TOLPIN

Rhetoric I, Theme 12, 1943

THE HAY HAD BEEN DRYING FOR A WEEK, AND TODAY the sky was filled with the warmth of morning-sun and the gray-blue of depth and clearness. It was time to rake hay.

We watered the horses, Prince and Bob, down at the lake. It was very cool and lonely there. Then, we led them up to the barn to harness them and to hitch them to the hay-rake. The bits made a clanking sound as Rich slipped them into their mouths. The horses didn't gag. He put the rest of the harness on and led them out into barnyard. Some chickens were already out, moving about with short, hesitant chicken-steps, their heads jerking while they searched for stray seeds and bugs. We fastened the tong of the rake between the two horses. You had to be careful with Prince; he was blind in one eye and frightened easily. The sun was becoming stronger; by ten o'clock it would be up to ninety. But you couldn't wait till cool weather came; that was asking too much. Lucky it didn't rain and spoil the dry hay altogether.

Riding out to the hayfield was fun. We raised the tongs of the rake, and Rich and I sat together on the narrow seat while the horses raced downhill. As the wheels crunched over them, the stones in the road clanged against the metal. The dust behind us was too thick to see through. We bounced up and down and nearly fell off several times, but we just shouted and laughed and held on tighter.

The hay in the field had been cut a week before, and it was left lying where it had fallen loosely, in thin heaps on the ground, so that it would

dry more quickly. Our job was to rake the hay into neat, parallel piles about ten yards apart for the entire length of the field. A few days later we would come back again to pile it into haystacks for easy loading onto the hay wagon. Now, we tightened the bolts that held the flexible, half-circle steel rods into the rake, and oiled the raising lever so that it would work easily, and adjusted the tongs so that they wouldn't dig into the soil and make the horses tire quickly. Rich held the reins; I sat on the rake-seat and worked the levers. "Gid-ap." It was about eight.

The rake dragged along gathering up the dry hay and finally became full. I stepped on the release-lever forcefully, quickly, and the tongs rose up, leaving a mound of warm, sweet-smelling hay about four feet high and twelve feet long. Hundreds of insects disturbed by the rake jumped about noisily, diving into the protective coloring of the earth. Dried grass and dust flew about, sticking to our faces, slipping down our shirts, and making our eyes tear. When we had finished a length of the field, we turned around and started back, dropping new rows of hay even with the first rows so that when we finished they would all be in straight lines. The sun blazed now, and our clothes began to stick. Shimmering waves of dry heat rose from the field. Dust and hay picked up by little gusts of hot wind moved round the field in whirling, tornado-like funnels. I bent my head back and looked up into the sky. It was infinite and moving. The sun baked dirt into my skin. I could see the dust pouring up from behind the rake, blowing diagonally across the field, dissolving into the air, disappearing below my eye level, choking, hazy. I swayed with the rake. It was monotonous, sleepy.

Rich and I changed places after lunch. Now, I walked back of the horses, watching their muscles strain as they pulled, moving the reins now and then to remind them that I was there. I worked through the sweltering afternoon, conscious only of the heat and dirt and clang of the rake as it methodically released hay. Rich and I seldom spoke. We worked mechanically. The horses let their heads hang low, and their bodies rocked slowly from side to side as they walked. We just kept on through the field, moving from one end back again, following the hoof prints of the horses.

Evening, and a cool wind came. Our sweat evaporated, giving us little, quick shivers. The whole field was ridged with straight, uniform piles of hay. Neat, dark shadows were thrust out from behind the stacks, and the field looked very bare and very precise. The crickets made a great deal of finding one another in the twilight.

We drove back up the road to the barn, first silent, then regaining vitality in the chill air, and talking and laughing and speeding back up the road. We unhitched the horses and let them into the pasture to graze and to roll in the cool, damp grass. Then we raced to the well and washed in the cold water. We were cool and refreshed again. Supper was waiting.

Our News Commentators

HELEN PALMER

Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1942-1943

NEWS COMMENTATORS HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY that we all want to hear. The public demands it or there wouldn't be so many of them. But have you noticed how different are their ways of saying what they have to say? These men are either highly irritating or extremely pleasing, depending on whether or not you like their voices and selection of material.

Anything Gabriel Heatter says in his lugubrious voice of a fifth-rate, broken-down preacher is annoying. His sad, measured intonation varies not, regardless of the news. It's a dying world, Ladies and Gentlemen — you'd better run out and get some Kreml hair tonic, his voice seems to say. He takes Kreml quite as seriously as an American invasion of the continent.

To the other extreme is John Holbrook. Nothing can jar him from his rosy dreams. R.A.F. bombs Berlin — fine! The Germans bomb our positions — the same hearty voice carries this message. Cheering or not, his news is told cheerfully. Now, although he seems so happy over our setbacks, I don't believe he is a Nazi spy. It's probably just a habit, but an annoying habit to anyone who hears death behind his words.

As a relief from any sort of sentimentality are the clipped, careful sentences of a Prussian militarist, Kaltenborn. But as I have listened to him over a period of time, I have discovered he too has his method of coloring the news. His is omissions. He knows so well we are going to win the war that he neglects to mention too many discouraging details. And he finds a silver lining to the blackest cloud. He is optimistic by main force, and sometimes when I know things aren't going well for the United Nations, this is a trifle insulting. Also, this optimism at such times is so forced as to be more discouraging than the simple facts.

William Shirer, Raymond Gram Swing, and Ed Murrow are apart from all of these. They give facts. They interpret them. And they give personal opinions; but they don't try to slip them over on you. They assume that you have a brain and can think if they give you the materials to think with. They also assume that you are a rational being and respect their greater experience, so they give a few pointers. But they don't tell you what to think and how to think. A dose of Ed Murrow is especially the thing when your efforts seem too big — he makes them seem too small. He talks poetry and inspiration.

In a class apart and below are the hacks who give out A. P. dispatches. They don't particularly give a damn; and if they did, they couldn't do it

skillfully. They are of no good, except that they will keep you from going back to sleep in the morning.

We all want to hear how the war is going. We hope it's going well for us; we can take it if it isn't. But why do we have to have it diluted and twisted by someone's sentimentality? Why aren't people like Murrow and Shirer and Raymond Gram Swing given more time? We need more good commentators. Well, at least we need fewer bad ones.

Let's Face Reality

DONALD RAPPARLIE

Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1943

IT WAS UNCOMFORTABLY WARM IN THE THEATER. THE man behind me crackled a cellophane bag and crunched some peanuts. On my left, a woman cleared her throat loudly and took another cough drop. On the screen, an American convoy blew up in the midst of the Atlantic, a squad of young Russian soldiers blasted away with a fieldpiece from a camouflage cover of branches and dirty dry leaves; near by a body lay caked with leaves.

For an hour, tanks, jeeps, and armored cars surged across the screen. Then suddenly the grey images vanished, and the screen was illuminated with color. Donald Duck! Good old Donald Duck! The audience breathed a sigh of relief. Behind me, the man helped himself to more peanuts. Others in the theater began to chuckle.

I got angry. Much as I like Disney and all of his works, I wanted to jump up and shout, "But Donald Duck doesn't come next. That wasn't a show you just saw. Ships are going down. Men are dying. This is no dream." I didn't give my pent-up emotions a chance to exhibit themselves verbally. If I had, everybody would have been annoyed because I had interrupted Donald Duck.

They say we are a luxury-loving, selfish, indifferent people. I don't think we are. We simply are unwilling to face reality. After twenty years of dreamland, we simply haven't heard an explosion loud enough to jar us into reality. We have filled no lamps with oil; we have merely pushed a button. We have trudged no long rocky roads; we have stepped on the starter. We have chopped no wood, built no fires; we have merely turned the thermostat. We have cleaned no springs, have drawn no water from a well; we have merely turned the chromium faucet. For twenty years we have heard the voices of the world merely by flicking a switch. We have seen all things good and bad flashed on the screens of our moving picture houses. Good and bad — all of it to us has had equal value.

When will we awaken and take the war more seriously? Not as long as this ghastly war is translated into dream stuff — images on the screen and voices from a plastic box. Not as long as a pushbutton is pressed and a lever is pulled and the reality of the stern earth is blurred by foolish nonsense. Not until the danger is realized. Not until every man, woman, and child is working or marching.

Soldiers and sailors who taste the salt of blood on their lips are aware of the seriousness of this war. Men and women who taste the salt of their sweat in the industries of America are also aware of the serious task before us. Who will awaken the rest of the population?

Snare Drumming — A Fine Art

With the aid of instruction books and help from a few skilled drummers, I began learning the basic strokes. When the drumstick hits the drum, it always makes either a single beat or a bounce (two beats). These are called downstrokes, upstrokes, or taps, depending on whether or not the stick hand is moving toward or away from the drum when the note is struck. The downstroke gives the drummer a heavy, powerful beat, the upstroke gets his hand in position for a downstroke, and the tap varies, filling in the notes between the downstrokes and the upstrokes. The drummer must practice the single beat and the bounce until he has perfect control and can play either or both at will, in rapid succession. Combinations of these two make all of the other essential or basic strokes. An upstroke hit just before a downstroke produces a single, broad note called a flam, and an upbounce just before a downstroke is called a drag. A long series of bouncestrokes, made by rapidly alternating the sticks, is called a long roll, and a certain number of bounces ended with a beat is called a stroke roll — the five-stroke roll, the seven-stroke roll, etc. The roll produced by a rapid series of beats is called a single stroke roll, or a ruff if it is short — the three-stroke-ruff, the four-stroke-ruff, etc. These essential strokes and their combinations can be used to produce all rhythm patterns and all types of drumming. The accomplished drummer is skilled in producing these strokes. Without them he could only beat time. — JAMES VENERABLE

America's Sixth Sense

Among the human characteristics that have been termed "sixth senses," the attribute of "common sense" is glorified above all else in middle-class America. It represents the epitome of what the United States citizen seeks from education and experience. Common sense is the twentieth-century version of Aristotle's "golden mean." But it is also more. Aristotle abhorred any extreme. Common sense abhors nothing practical. It rejects alike too much intellectualism and too much of itself. It seeks only the efficient answer to the problem at hand. Judgment, discretion, and wisdom as applied to everyday living are its tools. While it is a universal goal, respected among all peoples, it is typically American — sprung from a race that had to exercise it to keep alive in an unfriendly and dangerous new world. An American youth has won his spurs when it can be truly said of him that he is "dry behind the ears" — when he independently begins to exercise common sense. — PHIL ZIMMERLY

Life in an Amish Community

BARBARA REEDER

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1943

ALTHOUGH FEW OF THE STUDENTS REALIZE IT, THERE is a community within forty miles of this university which is as different from other towns in the United States as if it were in a foreign country. The people who make up a big part of this community are the Amish, a religious sect of German-Dutch descent. The Amish speak a language which is definitely theirs alone. College German students who have tried to talk with them have found that modern standard German is not always understood.

When I first moved to Arthur I was quite fascinated by the queer habits of dress among the Amish. The Amish women are clothed in a much more distinctive manner than the men. They do not believe in wearing prints but dress only in drab, plain colors. Even on the hottest summer day they wear two or three full cotton skirts and an apron of the same material. Their dresses are always quite long and reach nearly to their ankles. They think it is wrong to wear buttons, and so all of their clothes are fastened by snaps or pins. At all times the Amish woman wears a small white bonnet under a heavy black bonnet. The white bonnet is never removed, but the black bonnet is taken off while the woman is indoors. At one time I sat behind an Amish woman at a town gathering, and I was very much surprised to see a bald spot on the back of her head which showed through her bonnet. I was told that bald spots are frequent, for the women wear the bonnets all the time. As soon as a baby is born the parents buy a bonnet for it which is identical with its mother's. The women also never cut their hair but wear it braided and put in a knot on the back of their necks. Even a child of two years is not allowed to let her hair hang but has it fixed in tiny braids. In the winter the women do not wear coats but have heavy black shawls which they throw over their shoulders.

An easy way to distinguish an Amishman is by his haircut. It is plain to see that he uses a very ingenious method of cutting it. He simply puts a bowl over his head and clips the hair around it. Another identifying feature of the Amishman is his long, shaggy beard, which he starts to grow as soon as he is married. The men wear black hats which have a crown like that of a derby hat and a very wide brim. They wear denim trousers supported by broad suspenders.

The outward appearance of the Amish homes is very different from that of the other farm homes. They are always large, square, white frame houses, often with a screened porch across the front. Plain and severe, they never

vary from the same general pattern. The interior also bears out the same simplicity — it is neither beautiful nor cozy. There are no rugs and often no curtains. Some of the Amish are getting away from the latter habit and have put pieces of plain cotton cloth across the windows. When the son of an Amish family marries, he brings his bride back and builds a house in the yard at the side and in back of his boyhood home. This house is built as nearly like his former home as possible. The older house is always known as the "Grandpa House."

The way of living of the Amish is dominated by many quaint beliefs and customs which are a result of their religion. They do not believe in having any of the modern conveniences, such as the radio, telephone, or automobile. Recently an Amishman bought a large country home which had formerly belonged to a man who believed in enjoying all the comforts of modern conveniences. As soon as the Amishman moved into the house, he had the furnace, telephone, and bathroom facilities taken out. It seems strange to many people that although the Amish will not own these things themselves, they will use those that belong to others. It is quite common to see an Amishman riding in someone else's automobile or using someone else's telephone. One summer day I was sitting in the front room when an Amish woman came to the door and asked me if she could use our telephone. I let her use it, and she kept up a continuous chatter in German for about five minutes. It sounded as though she were gossiping with a woman friend, but I could only guess, for she was right when she said as she left, "You didn't understand anything I said, did you?" Another strange custom of theirs is that they will not have their pictures taken. They believe that there is a passage in the Bible which says that they should not make an image of themselves. They are always glad to lend their clothes, however, so that others can be photographed in them.

One of the outstanding characteristics of the Amish is the fact that they always use horses and buggies. On the outskirts of Arthur on all sides are signs which read, "Caution, Horse-Drawn Vehicles." Such warnings are necessary, for driving is quite dangerous when the buggies are on the road at night. Since it is almost impossible to tell how far away a buggy is, the motorist is upon it before he knows it. Many accidents have been caused in this way and also because the Amish often refuse to use lights. Only the married men are allowed to have buggies with tops on them. It is a common thing on Saturday night to see two young Amishmen out riding in their topless buggies with their girls on their laps — there is no room in the seat.

Saturday is the big shopping day in Arthur, for then all the Amish come to town to get their week's supplies. On one Saturday one hundred and fifty buggies were counted at the hitch-racks which are situated at various spots around the town. It is quite a sight to see all the buggies when they

are in a group. On Sundays the barnyard of the house where church is held is a vast array of black buggies. At funerals or weddings entire fields are often filled with the vehicles.

Most of the Amish families are large, with from six to nine children. As soon as the children are old enough, they are put to work at the numerous tasks to be done on a farm, for the Amish are very hard workers. At one time an Amish woman came to see my grandfather, who is an osteopath. She told him that she had been working in a strawberry patch from the time the sun rose in the morning until it set at night. She was so stiff that she could hardly move. Because of this industry, they make a great deal of money. This wealth they watch very closely and will use only to buy more land, which they prize highly. Because of their thrift they drive a hard bargain and will sometimes argue over a few cents. One example of their frugality is shown in the following incident: My mother was teaching for a week in one of the Amish schools in the country. On one very cold morning a small Amish boy came up to her and volunteered the information that a rat had been found frozen in their milk can that morning. "It is certainly a shame that the milk will be wasted," commented Mother. "Oh, it won't be wasted," said Jonas. "It will just be made into butter."

The Amish are great believers in intermarrying. As a result there are very few different Amish family names in Arthur. This is not only true in our town but also in all the Amish settlements in the United States. In my work at the newspaper office in the summer, I read the Amish newspaper, which contains news from all the Amish communities in the country. In each of the local items I found the same names: Yoder, Borntrager, Beechy, Helmuth, Schrock, and Yutzzy — all names that I would know anywhere as being Amish.

The Amish do not have a church building of their own but hold church at a different home each Sunday. Their church starts early in the morning and lasts all day. The children go no farther in school than the eighth grade, for they are needed to work on the farm. Often they are excellent students and their greatest desire is to go to high school, but they are not allowed to go because it is against the law of the church.

One of my favorite pastimes is to sit and watch the Amish children who live behind our house. This family is one of a small group which has broken away from the church and gone over to the Mennonite church. The people who belong to this group have a church building of their own, often live in town, and have a few of the modern conveniences. Although they have broken away from the Amish church, they still retain a large part of the Amish characteristics. The children speak English in the schools, but they unconsciously lapse into German as they play. It is quite amusing to listen to them when they get angry. Out of the volley of German words, the only

time I can understand them is when they occasionally call each other by name or their mother calls out, "Now, Rueben and Jake, you leave Katie and Susie alone."

The relation of the Amish to the other people of Arthur has taken on a different aspect since the present war began. Because of their religion the young men refuse to go to war and the church pays their way in the conscientious objector camps. Many of the other Arthur people resent the fact that the Amish own so much of the land and refuse to fight for it. Some of the young Amish have made remarks about not having to go to war that have excited the ire of the young men who have to leave. As a result of this, there has been much agitation and trouble. Recently some unknown persons set fire to an Amish buggy and started all the excitement. Since then many of the Amish buggies and barns have been painted a brilliant yellow. The greatest outrage was when someone painted huge yellow swastikas on the four sides of the Mennonite church. There are still signs of agitation although they are now a little less open. I hope that soon all the trouble will be over and our little community will settle down, with peace once more between the "Arthurians" and their quaint neighbors.

Chicago — My Home!

LUCILLE TENINGA

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1943

"HOW CAN YOU LIVE IN CHICAGO?" PEOPLE ASK, their voices full of surprise and pity. I don't know that I particularly approve of Chicago. Yet, like thousands of others, I find in this unlikely spot a congenial, abiding place, a home.

The world is full of all kinds of people, and it seems that some of them have to live in town to be happy. There is the person, for example, who needs company at mealtime. Temperamentally, he is unequipped to eat anywhere except in a restaurant. To eat quietly in the privacy of his dwelling makes him restless and gives him a sense of defeat. I know one man in Chicago who has lived and worked in the city for many years; in that entire period I don't suppose he has eaten a dozen meals at his own board.

And there is the opposite type, for whom Chicago seems equally well suited: the mousey little body who never took the slightest interest in her mother's kitchen, but whose domestic instinct suddenly flowers in the exquisite inconvenience of preparing a meal for two on a gas flame in a tiny kitchen with the paint flaking off the walls and sifting gently down into

the mashed potatoes. Every night in the year, in the great city, someone is committing unbelievable kitchen privileges in non-housekeeping one-room apartments, in bathrooms, or in closets. I have had many memorable meals amid such unwholesome surroundings.

Because the Chicagoan has denied himself the abundant life which would be his if he lived anywhere else — sunlight, trees, flowers, limitless sky, white snow — he frantically invents the urban equivalent of his natural inheritance. He becomes a gardener, a nature lover. There being very little greenery in his world, he paints the walls of his apartment green and tortures an ivy plant and several cactuses into a thriving existence over a radiator. He is conscious of all the seasons and, being at the mercy of florists, is always one or two jumps ahead of nature. His living room is full of pussy willows at Christmas, lilies on Washington's Birthday, and lilacs at Easter. Indeed, to the city dweller the countryside, when he occasionally gets out into it, always appears slightly laggard, for he sees repeated again the blooms which were thriving weeks ago in his own vases in the city.

Chicago satisfies the need of persons who require that life be in a concentrated form. I am such a person. I enjoy life most when I am arranged in a few cubic feet of space, as in a one-room apartment or on a thirty-foot boat. I understand my emotions and desires and love my existence. Give me a sixteen-room house in the middle of fifty acres, and with so much to command I would find my attention scattered, my love lessened. Among hundreds of trees, I would not come to know one. In the city, a house — for the average resident — simmers down to a room, a garden to a geranium plant, and an orchard to a cherry tree. Life, concentrated as in a capsule, is collected and arranged in a small amount of space.

My neighbor across the building discovers a patch of roof outside his window; it becomes, for a short time, the compelling force in his life, awakening in him a dream for seedtime and harvest. With the first warm days of March he is out there, seeing to his land. On his ten-foot ranch he feels in command of the situation. This year, perhaps there will be a goldfish pond or a flower garden. I understand my neighbor's emotions and share his fervor. Chicago, with its extremely restricted space, satisfies an urgent need of my simple nature — the need of boiling life down. I can plant a bean and lavish upon the growing vine an attention little short of fanatical, but give me a whole row of beans and I lose interest.

Chicago satisfies another need: it accents the present. When I lie by a tree in the forest, or linger in a meadow, or walk in the dreary outskirts of a suburb, I almost always hear in the wind intimations of the long dead past and the eternities ahead, the rumble of centuries, the long sigh of forever. But when I walk in the city among the shops, I receive no news of the past or forecast of the future, but instead I feel a glad, almost childlike, recognition of the present. Chicago has many moods, but most of them are con-

cerned with Now. Thus, by sticking to the present, Chicago puts another weakness in our character. Only the strong can make a steady diet of remembering the past and listening to the future. The city gives us today with all the good and evil that exists in it.

The restlessness of the town is contagious. The whole city quivers. Even the lifeless objects of art in the quiet museums move slowly across their shelves in the course of a year, feeling the constant vibration. I like to think of them as I hurriedly trot down the Avenue. This thought gives me the assurance that my journey means something, however spurious it may be. Descend, if you please, into the Illinois Central Station at a quarter to nine on a winter evening. The room probably contains more persons on errands of doubtful importance than any other place in the United States, yet you sense the air of great goings-on. Under its roof, among the conversations of the busy people, spreads the news of their destinations. Life becomes charged with all this noise and disturbance, and it makes a choice of the many exits — through the door to a malted milk, down the stairway to a private dressing room, or down the street to a movie.

"But how can you live in Chicago?" I have heard persons ask it — men who have worked in the city every day of their lives without ever having discovered what the place is like after hours, without ever having heard it on a foggy night, lying in bed: the boat whistles full of the evil grief of their departures, taxis locking fenders in the stillness of the night, and trains wailing farewell on the South Side. I don't understand these people. Imagine coming to the greatest fair in the country in the morning, spending the day, and then rushing home at the end of the afternoon, merely because dinner is waiting at the other end of twenty-five miles of track.

Away from Chicago, I miss all its interesting things. I miss the smell of the lake breeze and the taste of the water that welcome every stranger to this city. I want to see again old ladies wheeling baby carriages full of parcels; I want to hear again the quavering sound of my neighbor's flute, playing Italian songs at midnight. I want to see the season's effect upon the city. For each season has its sport and each holiday its observation. I see pumpkins and Pilgrims arrayed along the streets on Thanksgiving Day. I see Christ reborn prematurely in November in all the department stores. During the winter I watch red, white, and blue hockey players beating one another fiercely with sticks on the colored ice. Every Fourth of July I see the Chicago sky flower into noisy color. From the top of a springtime bus I look down and view a young girl in red marching pajamas, going happily homeward after the May Day parade.

When I am absent too long from Chicago, the foreign air anesthetizes me, and I am quiet and discouraged. I need the stimulation which Chicago gives, and no one need wonder how I can bear to live in this city.

University of Illinois— First Semester

ROBERT N. RASMUS

Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1942-1943

MY FIRST SEMESTER AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS made me understand what my father meant when he said that his years here were the happiest of his life. As far back as I can remember, I have heard my father at the dinner table speak glowingly of his teachers, his engineering courses, his college friendships, and his college life in general. There was an *Illio* on the top bookshelf and a football sticker in the window, and there were other constant reminders that this was an Illinois man's home. Of course, it was taken for granted that I, too, would some day study engineering at Illinois. This was never stated in so many words, but it was nevertheless true.

At the end of my first week at the University, a sweltering week of entrance examinations, of agonizing registration, and of physical and motor fitness tests, I was beginning to wonder about my father's joyous memories. Certainly this bedlam was nothing to get sentimental about. It seemed to me that it would be impossible for me ever to work up even a half-hearted feeling of love, or loyalty, or school spirit, or whatever it could be called, for my father's Alma Mater.

Several weeks later, I was in the chemistry laboratory, "solving" for an unknown quantity. My first analysis had been wrong, and I was working after the class period, trying to obtain the correct answer. I was cudgelling my brain; little beads of perspiration were creeping down my forehead. Suddenly, about closing time, when I was ready to admit defeat, the correct solution flashed into my brain. It was with a high feeling of exaltation that I copied my results into the lab manual and prepared to go home. Then, for the first time, I experienced that sensation which my father had so often described. This laboratory, these chemicals, this building, this whole University with its campus, its teachers, and its heritage were mine. I realized that I was just one among many, but somehow I knew that the living, pulsating University was my other home.

And I felt this deep sense of warmth and affection several times after. It didn't come during football games. The thrill of a football game reaches great heights in any young American, but this emotion which I am speaking of is one which is infinitely more intense, striking the very soul. When I arrived at the correct solution to the problem in the chemistry lab, I experienced a sensation which can come only after personal labor and achieve-

ment. It is the feeling that came when I lifted my blueprint out of the chemical bath and gazed at it with glowing eyes. This drawing was the consummation of a week's hard labor, and it warmed my heart to see its blue and white symmetrical beauty.

Yes, I came to know that I was one with my father in his love for our Illinois. That deep-seated love I cannot clearly define, but the inscription by Cowper high over the entrance of Smith Memorial Hall might give a hint:

Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

Berlin Diary by William L. Shirer

WILLIAM HANISCH

Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1943

WILLIAM L. SHIRER'S BOOK *BERLIN DIARY* IS THE absorbing journal of a foreign correspondent in Europe from 1934 to 1941. The kind of a job he had gave him a somewhat unusual opportunity to set down from day to day a firsthand account of a Europe that was already in agony and that, as the months and years unfolded, slipped determinedly toward war and self-destruction. He watched with increasing fascination and horror this Europe plunge madly on toward the inevitable. The principal cause of the Continent's upheaval was one country, Germany; and one man, Adolph Hitler. Most of the years Shirer spent abroad were in that country and in proximity to that man. It was from this vantage point that Shirer saw the European democracies, with the exception of Britain, falter and crack one by one. He observed, too, how Hitler went from victory to victory, unifying Germany, rearming it, smashing and swallowing up its neighbors until he had made Germany the military master of the Continent. These things he saw and noted, preserving for all time a firsthand account of the turbulent '30's in Europe.

After reading Mr. Shirer's book, I cannot help feeling that the tragedy of this war is that it was ever allowed to begin. The democracies had numerous opportunities for swift and decisive action that could have crushed Hitler and brought to an end all danger of another world war. Instead of seizing these opportunities the democracies retreated from one bastion to another until they could no longer make a stand. At a time when action could have saved the day, their confidence and judgment and will were paralyzed. Mr. Shirer cited several examples proving this fact.

One striking example is the occupation of the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland in 1936 by Hitler's troops. Shirer learned on absolute authority

that the German troops which marched into the Rhineland had strict orders to beat a hasty retreat if the French army opposed them in any way. They were not prepared or equipped to fight a regular army. Hitler staked all on the success of his move, and it would have been his end if the French had humiliated him by occupying the west bank of the Rhine. Most of his generals opposed the move, but consented to go along on the theory that if the coup failed, it would be the end of Hitler — they had no love for him or the Nazi regime; if it succeeded, one of their main military problems was solved. The French army could have struck a death blow to the Nazi regime that day, had they marched. Instead Hitler got away with it. France did not march. It appealed to the League!

Again, in 1938, when Hitler demanded Czechoslovakia, the democracies had the chance to stand up to him. Instead of presenting a united front against him, however, the British and French "appeased" Hitler by selling poor Czechoslovakia "down the river." The Czechs were ready to fight to defend their homeland. The German people did not want war then and neither did Hitler, but he put up a bluff and it worked.

Other opportunities presented themselves, but the democracies were too stupid or paralyzed to act. Yes, William L. Shirer forcefully and emphatically outlines the prevention of the disease called World War II — after the disease has struck.

John L. Lewis Deserves —

HENRY A. SNYDER

Rhetoric II, Proficiency Examination, 1942-1943

JOHN L. LEWIS DESERVES — TO BE HANGED. PROBABLY one of America's most disliked men, he has done more than any saboteur to impede the war effort. However, let us not condemn the man without knowing all the facts. Let us give him a fair trial.

Mr. Lewis wants more pay or shorter hours, and improved working conditions. He claims that the miners' living quarters are abominable, and that the price of food is beyond the miners' wages. He claims that, on top of this, he is forced to submit his beliefs for approval to a War Labor Board that is prejudiced against labor, and against which he therefore has no chance. He says that the mine owners are making more in unfair profits than any men or group of men have a right to in time of war. That, says Mr. Lewis, is why he ordered the strikes.

Let us now consider the question from the mine owners' point of view. They say that the miner is already getting more money than he deserves for

his type of manual labor. They have built new apartment houses for the miners, they say, with rents as low as sixteen dollars a month, but the miners refused to live in them; and those who did try, all moved back to their shanties. Lastly, they believe that the miners are taking unfair advantage of the fact that they belong to a powerful union, and are asking for something which the owners could not possibly refuse, without forcing the national catastrophe of coal production stoppage.

Let us now consider the facts and find a basis for condemnation of Mr. Lewis. What he claims about the living conditions in the mining communities is apparently true. However, the miners could have improved their quarters themselves, if they had spent a little less money on alcoholic beverages, and a little more on room and board. As to present working conditions, they are about as good as they can become. All shaft mines are provided with gas detection equipment, lights, and first-aid kits. There is nothing that can be done to remedy an occasional cave-in. That is a natural accident, the same as lightning-caused forest fires, against which man is powerless. Next, by far the most suitable method to get better food or cheaper food would be to demand an immediate price reduction of green vegetables and meats, rather than to try to get higher wages.

However, it is not for any of the above-mentioned reasons and facts that John L. Lewis should be condemned. We must not blame him for his desires, but for the method used in trying to satisfy them. Mr. Lewis may be right in his beliefs, although I do not believe so, but he had no right to order complete abandonment of coal production by striking, thus tying up our war effort. The higher wages Lewis demanded for his miners would serve no purpose except to further "water" the currency, and hasten us on the road to inflation. Mr. Lewis is right: The War Labor Board and the government *are* unfair—but not to labor. The present administration has done more for labor than any other, and at no other time have the working men had such a high standard of living. Upon these facts, then, I base my conclusion that Mr. Lewis should be hanged as a traitor to his country.

Just what is a traitor? The Constitution says that anyone who "commits an overt act against the United States" is a traitor, and is punishable by death. Mr. Lewis has committed an overt act against his country. He has taken unfair advantage of his power in his union to order the halting of coal production, thus bringing our war effort to a standstill. This is certainly giving aid and comfort to the enemy, which act the Constitution also defines as treason. Taking all these things into consideration, the only just course of action would be to accuse Mr. Lewis of being a traitor to his country, and deal with him accordingly. Let us not forget the old proverb: For want of a nail (coal), the shoe (production) was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse (ammunition and equipment) was lost; for want of a horse, the rider (an American soldier) was lost.

Battle of Dunkirk

DON HAMER

Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1943

ONE OF THE GREATEST BATTLES THE WORLD HAD seen up to that time was witnessed in the small area around Dunkirk, France, in the late spring of 1940. The British were very decidedly the underdog, as they lost thousands of men and untold amounts of equipment. The greatness of this battle lies in the wonderfully heroic (and wonderfully successful) attempts of the British Expeditionary Force to get their boys safely home. All of the equipment was lost, but War Minister Eden stated that about 80 percent of the men were saved.¹

The scene for the disaster was set when King Leopold of Belgium gave himself and his troops up to the invading German forces. His act opened the whole battle line from the French frontier to the sea. This left the French and British forces in a bad way. The whole British left flank was open to attack. The alert German forces immediately started their advance, slashing continually at the vulnerable communications and supply lines of the English. "To the rear, with the Nazis rapidly driving at it from both north and south, lay the only port of Allied escape — Dunkirk."²

The Allied armies immediately saw their plight, abandoned their old positions to the south, and started their heroic cross-country smash toward Dunkirk. They made the Germans pay heavily with expert rear guard action. "The English, in fact, put up so much resistance that Berlin spokesmen, who had predicted annihilation of the Allies in a few hours following Leopold's surrender, went out of the way to pay tribute to the defense being put up by the British."³

The Belgians and French tried to stop the relentless advance of the German forces, but to no avail. The mechanized German army just couldn't be stopped. One reason for their surprisingly rapid advances here and prior to Dunkirk is made clear by the report of a foreign correspondent who rode with the Germans. According to him, the Germans, with their eye to the future, bombed only the roadsides — not the roads. The German officers stated that the shrapnel from the bombs bursting near the roadway could do much damage to the enemy without destroying the roads. The German columns were used to advancing at a thirty- to forty-mile-an-hour clip. The French and Belgians made earnest attempts to blow up bridges, but the

¹"Nazis Bearing Down on France," *Newsweek*, XV (June 10, 1940), p. 16.

²*Ibid.*, p. 13.

³*Ibid.*, p. 14.

ingenious German engineers had substantial steel bridges up again in twenty-four hours or less!⁴

As the British arrived, they opened the flood gates, flooding great areas of land. This formed the basis of the Allied defense. But if it were not for a remarkable piece of luck, the story of Dunkirk might have been the same as Poland's or Holland's: as the British Tommies started to arrive, a thick fog came in from the Channel, forming a protective curtain from the ever-present German bombers. This fog lasted for three days. Each morning the sun rose, heralding a clear day, but in a short time the fog came rolling in from the Channel.

The port of Dunkirk is situated on a shallow, sandy beach. The harbor is artificial. At first the transports and destroyers came directly up to the docks and loaded troops by the thousands, but by the end of the first day the terrific pounding by the German Air Force reduced the harbor and docks to a shambles. It was clear that this method of evacuation could no longer be used. Shortly afterward appeared one of the strangest flotillas of seagoing craft ever to be seen. Under the protection of a fleet of warships came hundreds of transports, motor launches, ferries, fishing boats, and even tugs pulling long strings of barges. Onto these craft scrambled thousands of British, French, and black Senegalese troops.⁵

The whole process was carried out with a remarkable lack of confusion. The troops would wait their turn for hours, slowly moving from houses and shelters down to the beaches. As a boat pulled up for a load, an officer would call out, "How many?" A number was called back, and exactly that number of soldiers quietly waded out to the waiting boat.⁶

The orderliness of the evacuation was quite remarkable when one considers what the troops had been through. For weeks the Allied forces had been subjected to a terrific pounding, and on arrival at Dunkirk most of them had been without sleep for several days. All that most of them had left were their rifles. The troops were pounded mercilessly from the air. Every two or three hours thirty to ninety German planes would raid the harbor and beach. There was little food or rest for most of the boys — all they could do was wait.⁷

The evacuation was covered by a fleet of cruisers and destroyers anchored out to sea. "With their eight pound 'Chicago pianos' (pompoms) and larger anti-aircraft guns peppering the sky, they beat off attacks ranging from thirty to ninety planes."⁸ The bigger guns on these ships formed a protective "curtain" for the Tommies. They lobbed shells over their heads into

⁴Fisher, John R., "I First Saw the Ruins of Dunkirk," *Life*, VIII (June 24, 1940), p. 37.

⁵"Nazis Bearing Down on France," *Newsweek*, XV (June 10, 1940), p. 14.

⁶Phillips, E. H., "Eye Witness Account of Dunkirk," *Fortnightly*, CLIV (July, 1940), p. 25.

⁷*Ibid.*, p. 23.

⁸"Nazis Bearing Down on France," *Newsweek*, XV (June 10, 1940), p. 15.

the midst of the Germans. In places the Allied naval boats and German tanks were actually in combat with each other.⁹ The British R.A.F. bombed the German forces more heavily than they ever had before, but this seemed to have no effect.

Much heroism was shown by the defending forces of Dunkirk. The anti-aircraft gun crews had about the hardest job of all. With air raids every two or three hours and with so few guns to protect themselves from the German planes, the anti-aircraft crews were kept pretty busy. Most of the crews spent the whole time on duty—in the blistering hot sun with scanty rations and no sleep. The A.M.P.C., non-combatant workers, were also very heroic. They had one of the most dangerous jobs of all, their duty being the unloading of supplies. This put them right in the thick of the air raids. Over 50 percent were casualties.¹⁰

As soon as the ships were loaded with men, they headed for the British coast, where they immediately unloaded and returned. "One destroyer, its super-structure riddled and its decks covered with blood, made seven shuttle trips."¹¹ When the Tommies arrived home they were in poor condition. Most of them, minus half their clothing, were cold, hungry, and dead tired. Many fell asleep as soon as they were landed. Despite all this, their morale was extremely high. The boys all cheered when they landed. The most frequent replies to inquiring reporters' questions were: "Just give us another go at Jerry" and "For God's sake, give us more planes!"¹²

The destruction wrought by this battle is hard to comprehend. The exact statistics have never been told and probably never will be told, but estimates were that about six hundred thousand Allied troops fought against eight hundred thousand Germans on the ground and against thousands more in the air. "The result was a scene of carnage and valor more concentrated in space and time than anything modern history had ever seen."¹³ True figures, of course, were not given, for the sake of morale, and probably were not available because the arithmetic was next to impossible; but it could be safely said that not less than five hundred thousand men were killed, wounded, or captured in seven days on a patch of ground about the size of a United States county. Additional casualties to civilians were inestimable.¹⁴

The Allies were simply outnumbered. They didn't have a chance. An English prisoner, referring to the battle of Belgium, told an inquiring reporter: "I never saw our Air Force during all that time." He claimed that for three days straight he did not fire a single artillery shot, and that when

⁹"Most of B.E.F. Escapes the German Trap," *Life*, VIII (June 10, 1940), p. 31.

¹⁰Phillips, E. H., *op. cit.*, p. 20.

¹¹"Nazis Bearing Down on France," *Newsweek*, XV (June 10, 1940), p. 16.

¹²*Ibid.*, p. 15.

¹³"Battle to the Sea," *Time*, XXXV (June 10, 1940), p. 24.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, p. 26.

the opportunity finally arose to lambaste the German tanks, a French artillery officer forbade firing — mistrusting the British ability to fire over the French infantry.¹⁵

By the time the last possible man was evacuated, Dunkirk was a mass of wreckage. There was actually not a single building left standing! The streets were completely jammed with debris. The mark of death was heavy. An indication of the desperate brand of fighting used by the Allies is given by the following description: "At Dunkirk harbor Frenchmen lay where they fell, their bodies bloated, legs and arms blown off, guts hanging out. Sprawled in groups, they fell behind their machine guns, the gunner still holding the trigger. The horrid stench of the dead was overpoweringly nauseating."¹⁶ This was only a few hours after the German occupation. There were thousands of dead lying around. William L. Shirer reported that two months later the Germans had not been able to fish all the bodies out of the numerous canals and ditches.¹⁷

As usual, the Germans made prodigious claims about the damage they inflicted on the Allies. On May 30, the German newspapers claimed that the British tried to send over fifty transports to rescue their troops and that German forces sank sixteen transports and ten warships, and damaged twenty-one transports and ten warships. Each day the Germans made bigger and more fantastic claims (as many as fifty ships sunk in one day). Mr. Shirer, on his tour two months later, said that along a twenty-mile stretch of beach along Dunkirk he saw the wrecks of two freighters, one destroyer, and one torpedo boat. All wrecks would have to be plainly visible because of the shallow water. If this is so, it is evident that the Nazis were "fibbing." It was later revealed that only three British destroyers, the *Wakefield*, the *Graftsen*, and the *Grenada*, went down.¹⁸

The Germans, it seemed, abused quite heavily the Red Cross sign. When correspondents visited Dunkirk they were shocked to see the charred remains of long lines of British ambulance trucks that had been waiting to unload their cargo. These trucks had been bombed and strafed from the air. The large Red Cross sign on the tops of the trucks could not have been mistaken or overlooked.¹⁹

"In Flanders the Allied armies had been dealt an appalling blow. Their loss in men and material was enormous—enough to wreck the home-front morale of less resolute countries than Britain and France. Yet this disaster that had befallen them was a considerably smaller one than Adolph Hitler

¹⁵Fisher, John R., *op. cit.*, p. 88.

¹⁶*Ibid.*, p. 88.

¹⁷Shirer, William L., *Berlin Diary*, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1941, p. 472.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, p. 387.

¹⁹*Ibid.*, p. 442.

had intended. From the German trap at Dunkirk²⁰ more than half the B.E.F. escaped—to live and fight another day.”²¹ Surprisingly, this great disaster seemed to build up rather than lower the British morale. It seems that all they needed was a jolt like this to “set” them right. All in all, the passing of Dunkirk saw a much more determined, resolute, and revenge-seeking British people than Adolph Hitler had ever known—or cared to know.

²⁰Although the main evacuation took place at Dunkirk, brief action also took place at Boulogne and at Calais, where a British garrison had held out. Food had to be parachuted to them.

²¹“Most of B.E.F. Escapes German Trap,” *Life*, VIII (June 10, 1940), p. 31.

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Switchboard Suzie

As the neophyte switchboard operator progresses in her world, she realizes that the inane questions she found on the application blank—“Is patience one of your virtues? Are you of a nervous nature? Do you smoke?”—had a purpose above mere curiosity. Suzie herself would have added other requirements: height six feet; patience, stamina, endurance unlimited. From her own experiences, Suzie knows that the immense height of most switchboards would call for an extremely tall operator. “Little” girls who try to keep one position of the “A” board going find that they must spend much of their time standing. One consolation of these girls is that “exercise develops a more graceful figure.” However, torn blouses, scratched fingers, and calloused hands are more typical of the telephone operator’s rewards. From the time she places the metal headset over her curly locks till her day is done, the operator is a fast-moving mechanical doll with a mechanical voice. Movement is rapid. Action is sure. There is no lost motion when she connects Greenleaf 4585 with Regent 4000. She knows where the Regent trunk is. She has memorized the block form of numbers. It remains for her to select the proper circuit, insert the shell of the cord in place with her left hand; while she records the customer’s number, the correct time of the call, the station he is calling, and the charge, with her right hand. Speed is the keynote. The split-second service that the I.B.T. Company offers is pleasing to the subscriber. He may remark, “That’s what I call service!” and marvel at the efficiency of modern machines. In reality he is patting Suzie on the back for her ambidextrous display. — MIRIAM STREED

Fore!

Private ARTHUR JACOBSON

English 111a, Theme 7, 1943

THERE WAS A JOYOUS PROMISE OF SPRING IN THE air one day in the early part of 1940, and it made my mind turn to thoughts of summer diversions. Instead of getting out garden tools, however, or rod and reel, I decided to buy a set of golf clubs and learn to play golf that summer.

The thought soon became the deed; my pockets were heavy with earnings from my first job, and after all, I knew from my caddying experience that there was not much to the game; you hit the ball, walk, hit the ball, and then walk some more. Shallow reasoning, perhaps, but youth cheerfully takes life and sets it over the simple denominator of blissful ignorance.

Winter grudgingly gave way to warmer days, and it was time to try my new clubs. I played alone the first time — fortunately, as no doubt one has surmised that I was quickly awakened to the fact that golf is not mere child's play. My score reached astronomical figures, since the ball and I could not come to any agreement on the correct course to the green. It seems to me that most of that hectic first round was devoted to forcing my way through thick underbrush and high grass, and one need never have played golf to understand that a ball cannot be stroked very accurately or very far when it nestles devilishly among twigs and the bases of shrubs. Clubs, balls, and I suffered a sound beating that memorable day. My lack of skill did not discourage me, however, and as I played the game more and more, my enjoyment of it grew.

My liking for golf is shared by many others. The game has increased tremendously in popularity during the last fifteen years, and has thereby come to achieve the prominence it deserves. But why shouldn't the game be popular? You and a few others drive out to the course dressed in comfortable polo shirts and slacks, and josh one another about the trouncing each is to receive. Upon arriving at the course, you take a long, admiring look around and drink in its green beauty. Rolling fairways stretch out over many acres, and you can't help thrilling a little to the scene as you see the white dots of the sandtraps and the dark smears that are the trees bordering the edges of the fairways. A few wagers are made on the first tee, and then the cracks of hard-hit drives ring out. You stroll down a lush fairway and feel the spikes on your shoes crunching into the soft turf. The skies are clear, the sun is warm, and there is a comradely spirit in the air.

As the match progresses, you forget all cares and other interests. Golf is King for those short hours, since the game is extremely difficult and demands the utmost concentration. Precise control must be maintained over a long club that whips downward with great speed. Any slight error will be magnified considerably, so that the ball either will be missed completely, or will veer off from the true direction. The correct stance must be taken, and then hips, arms, and shoulders must synchronize with split-second timing and coordination to obtain a good swing and an accurate shot.

When the final putt drops into the cup on the eighteenth green, the match is officially over; so you empty pockets of balls, tees, pencils, score cards, adhesive tape, and other odds and ends, and put away your clubs. However, the proverbial nineteenth hole is then visited, and there, over refreshing drinks, each shot of the day is replayed. Excuses, stories, and memories of great shots made previously are all brought forth, and you explain in detail why it's a mathematical certainty that you can "break" ninety — next time.

I'm the Preacher's Kid

ESTELLE SHARPE

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1943

TO THE ORDINARY GIRL, THE OCCUPATION OF HER father is of little or no importance in her life. He may be Joe, the bartender, to the boys, but he's just Pop to her. Or he may be a LaSalle Street broker or a leading physician, and it still doesn't have any overpowering effect on her life. There is no such type as a bartender's daughter or a doctor's daughter. But my father is a minister, and therefore I am a type.

A minister's daughter can be only one of two things in the mind of the public — try as she may, she's a wild girl or a prudish goody-goody. "She must be. All I know are." Since the beginning of ministers, probably, their daughters have been forced unwillingly into one of these two categories; there seems to be no middle-of-the-road policy.

The wild girl gets her name very easily. Maybe she affects too much mascara, although mascara in the smallest amount is enough to ruin her. Maybe she had the misfortune to be with the Walters boy when he was arrested for speeding. They say, my dear, that he was drunk. . . . Or didn't Mrs. Green see her smoking in that downtown restaurant? . . . Her parents, dear souls, have such a trying time with her, I hear. . . . But, of course, it

might be true what I heard about her mother — Obviously the wild girl is the delight of the older church members in their intimate sessions.

The goody-goody offers a fine target for the scorn of the younger members. Have you ever seen such horrible looking clothes? . . . She just doesn't have any style . . . I thought I'd die when she looked at the beer bottles on the table . . . Doesn't she look like a perfect angel when she plays the piano in Sunday School!

So there are only two classifications for me, the unfortunate daughter. Before I tell my deep, dark secret, I may appear perfectly normal in the eyes of my contemporaries. But immediately after the surprised comment, "Are you really!" a new attitude develops. The surprised person must file me immediately under prudish or wild in his mental card catalog. It's a losing game for me; I'm beaten from the start.

If I don't go to church on Sunday, it's a reflection on my father. Women have demanded of my mother the reason her children are not in the congregation every Sunday. What if no other six-year-olds come — the minister's children are supernatural at this age and should like church. My whole life must be spent in doing the right thing. Most of the prejudice stems from this. The preacher's child has to be an example to his more erring kindred. So I've taught Sunday School, shrieking the lesson over the loud yells of the second-graders, maintained the young people's society singlehanded, and sung faithfully — if in no other way — in the choir. Any enjoyment I may have felt is purely coincidental. And wherever I go in the city in which I live, my conduct must be exemplary. The all-seeing eyes of our church members are everywhere. Even if God didn't see me light up a Lucky, I'm sure Mrs. Frost would.

"Poor as church mice" is a phrase too true to be funny to me. It seems that this is what most ministers have always been and always will be, if their parishioners can help it. If a raise in the pastor's salary is suggested, someone immediately refers to the poor Olivers, who need the money more than the minister does. Why, only last Sunday Mrs. Minister's Wife was wearing a new dress. (That it was her first one in two years makes no difference.) In our large community this should not affect me greatly, but even here there seems to be a widespread feeling that the minister and his family should be respectably shabby.

So I start out with some disadvantages. I bear the label "Preacher's Kid," which keeps me under some restraints. I have certain obligations to my father's church which I must perform. And I may not have so much money as some of the young people with whom I associate, or if I do, I cannot display it too freely. Then what are the advantages of my position? Are my disadvantages really advantages?

I have a host of friends. Some of them may be critical, but because my father is their minister they are prepared to love his children. I know that if I needed anything, there are over three hundred people to whom I could turn. All of them are interested in my accomplishments, no matter how small, and I am sure of praise from them as from my own family. I have obtained, perhaps unwillingly at times, the finest of backgrounds for life. No one who has spent time in service to a church can come out of his experience without benefit. I have learned to like people and to enjoy helping them. More important, now I can understand them and their troubles. I have grown up with a faith which I trust will never leave me, for I have had the opportunity of seeing some of the bravest people in the world face danger with never a qualm. I've seen deserted wives, happy brides, orphaned children, and bereaved old men facing life with such complete trust that their trust has become a part of me.

This reasoning is strictly personal but very conclusive. If my father *had* been Joe, the bartender, or Dr. Furness, the physician, I would love him still. But because he is a minister, I love being a minister's daughter.

Let's Take a Walk

In the first place, a walk should never have an objective. If you have it firmly settled in your mind that you are on your way to a rhetoric class or that you are going to Kamerer's Drug Store, the awareness of this objective will gnaw constantly at your subconscious mind and dull your sensibilities. In the second place, a walk must never be a premeditated action. It must be as spontaneous as a sudden smile. One of these days, while you are quietly reading, or listening to the radio, or grading theme papers, the notion will suddenly and unaccountably flit across your consciousness that it would be pleasant to take a walk. You must act upon this notion instantly. Do not attempt to think up reasons or objectives for the walk. Open the door and walk out.

Learning to abolish from your mind every one of your usual worries and vexations is the most difficult of all requirements for successful walking. If you start out with a mind overloaded with worry about theme papers, for example, the rhythmic motion of your legs will resolve into a kind of ghastly refrain, ringing into your inner ear, "I should be grading papers; I should be grading papers." Instead, say to yourself, "Now, for a few magic moments, I am going to step out of my stuffy surroundings into the glorious outdoors. I am going to escape into an enchanting world where worries are unknown." Then, having made this effort, proceed with a firm step and a mind set free. Neither hurrying nor idling along, open your awareness to the wonders of this universe, which in your everyday life you have never had time to see. Look at the bare bark of winter-stripped oak and maple trees. Look at the starry flakes of white snow; stare up at the shapes and patterns of the grayish blue clouds, and feel the sensation of the wet snow under your soles. Let your nostrils be receptive to the fresh air that floats through space. Ponder upon the birds flying to the heavens, upon the light of afternoon shadows, the feel of the wintry breeze against your cheeks, and the Providence of God.—LUCILLE TENINGA

The A.S.T.P.

Private STEWART G. TUTTLE

English 111a, Theme 1, 1943

THE ARMY SPECIALIZED TRAINING PROGRAM, THE most recent development in the United States Army's effort to train skilled men, is an effort of the Washington general staff to accomplish something — exactly what is hard to determine. According to one captain in a S.T.A.R. unit it purports to train specialists as quickly as possible and as intelligently as possible.

The New York *Times*, however, contends with no enthusiasm that the program is a Washington lobby by colleges and universities to force the government (in this case, the army) to provide a program to prevent their bankruptcy. But, it continues, whatever be its motivation, its results are disappointing: the engineers produced are fit for neither civilian nor army needs, the psychologists are clerks, and the language students are sadly lacking in conversational aptitude.

Whether we accept the optimistic opinion of the captain or the stoical observations of the *Times*, our specific knowledge is still vague. Add to this confusion the theories of dialectic materialism, which insists that the A.S.T.P. is prompted by the inner workings of the House of Rothschild; and pure Hegelianism, which contends that the program is the ivory tower dream of economists planning for universal higher learning; or, anticlimactically, the opinion of the *Reader's Digest*, which envisions the A.S.T.P. as the idealistic postwar planner.

Needless to say, the program consists of classes in English, chemistry, physics, history, geography, military science, and physical education; and, as the student advances from the fundamental work required for all the subjects offered, additional and more specialized courses are added. This, however, is all that can be said. Originally, engineering, psychology, medicine, and language-study were to comprise the subjects to be given, but recently more have been added. Changes have taken place in every aspect of the A.S.T.P., so that at present no one can definitely say how long each course will be, how many subjects will be given, what the A.S.T.P. "graduate" will do upon graduation, and why the program was ever set up.

My first contact with the program was at Stanford University, where I was majoring in psychology. My professors informed me that the A.S.T.P. would permit me to continue my studies under its supervision, and I was enthusiastic. Of course, I now know how false their impression was, but a week in my reception camp taught me to enjoy such experiences. My enrollment itself was the culmination of a series of eight classifications, each of

which countermanded the preceding one. Found to have an astounding lack of mechanical ability, I was sent to the Air Corps to become a mechanic. I was terrible. Nothing daunted, however, I switched to cryptography, cooking, and interviewing in the space of two weeks. The Air Corps, much as they relish paper and forms, grew tired of my personal messages home and my uncooked snacks and sent me, pen in hand, to college.

Exactly what the A.S.T.P. will do for me is a question obviously related to what the A.S.T.P. is and what it does, neither of which I know. I should guess — possibly very wildly — that the program will train my brain to work precisely and with meticulous attention to detail. Also, it should regulate my body to respond to external stimuli, whether in the form of commands or exercise, far more readily than it did in civilian life. But to predict any great and important changes is as impossible as to say with any accuracy what the A.S.T.P. is.

Rhet as Writ

The Rocky Mountain National Park is the nation's largest game refuge for the now practically exstink Big Horn Goat.

. . . .

All she did was wine and complain about her sickness.

. . . .

The fabulous Rockefeller, subject of unnumbered articles, is examined and picked apart from top to bottom.

. . . .

The Signal Corps is often referred to as the nervous center of the army.

. . . .

No doubt they (women in war work) received a great deal of satisfaction in learning that they were no longer dependent on the male as a source of loveliness.

. . . .

Dante was an Italian poet who wrote the first poem with a little comedy here and there.

Honorable Mention

Norma Jean Andrews: *An Open Letter to Mussolini*

Alfred Bennett: *Rain*

Shirle Dodds: *The Merry-Go-Round*

June Fluegge: *I Like Living*

Dorothy Johnson: *Suez, the Jugular Vein of the British Empire*

Private William Marti: *My Three Companions in Hell*

Bernard Miller: *I Am*

Rosemary Presson: *Herman Melville and Moby Dick*

Roberta Schmaling: *My Queen — Cleopatra!*

Private Edward Tucker: *George Bernard Shaw, Iconoclast*

Private Tom Wahl: *My "Jekyll-Hyde" Professor*

Private Robert Wallace: *Why I Like to Walk*

David Wexler: *Life at Our House This Year*

Mathew Wilensky: *For Freedom*

